

"LUCILE LOVE"

"THE GIRL OF MYSTERY."

SYNOPSIS

Lucile is rescued by friendly savages. She is given an amulet for curing the Chief's daughter, and it proved potent against the machinations of Hugo Lonbeque who, likewise cast on the island, plans to get the papers. He burns Lucile's hut, but she escapes with the precious papers. He sends a decoy message asking her to come to the home of a neighboring chief, whose wife is ill and in the need of nursing. On the way there she falls into a covered pit, dug by Lonbeque across her path. Her guide, an old crone, takes the papers from Lucile, and gives them to Loubeque, who goes with them to the jungle.

You're Bilious and Costive

Sick Headache, Bad Breath, Sour Stomach, Furred Tongue and Indigestion. Clean up to-night. Get a 50c bottle of Dr. King's New Life Pills today and empty the stomach and bowels to fermenting, gassy foods and waste. A full bowel movement gives a satisfied, thankful feeling—makes you feel fine. Effective, yet mild. Don't gripe. 25c at your druggist.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve for Burns

Miner Killed By Premature Shot.

H. M. Erwin, a miner employed in the Luton coal mines, near Nebo, was instantly killed early Thursday morning when a premature shot in the section of the mines where he was at work went off. Erwin was badly bruised about the head and shoulder, and death was instant. Another miner named Bethear was thought to have been seriously injured. An inquest was held by Coroner Stevens Thursday afternoon, the verdict being that death was caused by "split" shot in the Luton mines. Erwin was married and besides a wife leaves several children.

The Resignation of Huerta.

Since the beginning of the "watchful waiting" policy in reference to Mexico the fond hope that Huerta would resign has been heralded in headlines of newspapers in the National Capital and throughout the country as often as the old question concerning the age of Ann. But although the United States has been compelled to make a good deal of a rough house in Mexico, the crafty old fox who holds the presidency has been as stubborn as some of the old Indians of the Sitting Bull kind who bothered the administrations of former days. After all, why should not "Sitting Bull Huerta" be a good designation for the Mexican puzzle.



Vacation Time!

"Take a Kodak With You."

KODAKS and BROWNIE CAMERAS \$2.00 to \$15.

L. C. WILEY

L. & N. Watch Inspector
Earlington, Ky.

\$3,000,000 A YEAR

MADE IN SKUNK SKINS

Protection of Despised but Valuable Animal by Game Laws is Urged

Washington, July 15. — Just common skunks are worth three million dollars annually to trappers in the United States.

Their fur is regarded in Europe as equal to, and in some places better than, the Russian sable.

And still only thirteen states protect the animal by game laws.

These facts are emphasized by the United States Department of Agriculture which has just issued a bulletin on the "Economic Value of North American Skunks." The thirteen states are: Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, New Hampshire, Delaware, Maine, Vermont and North Carolina.

In 1911, the department declares, 2,000,000 skunk skins were sold by American trappers in London. Many of these skins, the department says, are dyed and shipped back to the United States and sold to the American women as "black marten" or "Alaska sable."

A Texas Wonder

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame backs, rheumatism and all irregularities of bladder troubles, removing gravel, the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggists will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for testimonials from Kentucky and other States. Dr. E. W. Hall, 222 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by Druggists.

Emberton-Hodge

Scarcely had the rising sun touched the windows of the awakening homes, when at 5:45 o'clock Wednesday morning July 22nd, at the home of the brides aunt Mrs. Mike Hanna, Jr., there was a wedding, a quiet affair, with only a few early rising friends of the bride and groom to witness the uniting of Jimmie D. Emberton and John Hodge, other than these there are no two better known young people in the city.

Jimmie D. is a beautiful girl who never looked prettier than on this bright morning in a becoming going-away gown of dark blue silk and Panama hat.

John T. Hodge is an employee of the L. & N. and is known as a thorough-going, industrious young man, standing well in the esteem of his employers.

Amid a shower of rice, good wishes and congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Hodge left on the 6:21 train for St. Louis.

After a week or ten days they will be at home in Earlington; where after a short time they will occupy their own home on R. R. street.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve

for Cuts, Burns, Sores
Mr. E. S. Loper, Marilla, N. Y., writes: "I have never had a Cut, Burn, Wound or Sore it would not heal." Get a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve today. Keep handy at all times for Burns, Sores, Cuts and Wounds. Prevents lockjaw. 25c at your druggist.

Elect Trustees

An election of trustees in the various districts of the county will be held on Saturday August 1st, at the various school houses in the county. There are 45 trustees to be elected. The election will be held between the hours of 1 and 5 o'clock in the afternoon, to be conducted by two judges and a clerk, to be selected by the voters. Good men should be elected to this important office and Supt. Ray is very anxious that all the voters in each district take part in the election.

No Civilized Man Wants to Live Where There Are No Churches—Go to Church!

GO TO CHURCH!

The church is the best institution the world has ever known from every standpoint—moral, economic and political. It has changed the world from HEATHENISM TO CIVILIZATION, from SLAVERY TO FREEDOM, from MIGHT TO RIGHT, from DARKNESS TO LIGHT, from MISERY TO HAPPINESS. Compare the conditions prevailing in heathen lands with those of Christian countries; the forms of government in the dark ages to those of the Christian lands today.

CAN ANY ONE BELIEVING IN GOD GIVE ANY REASON FOR NOT GOING TO CHURCH? THE CHURCH STANDS FOR THE PURITY AND SANCTITY OF THE HOME, THE PURITY AND RECTITUDE OF PERSONAL LIFE, THE HIGHEST MORALS, THE BEST LAWS. IT STANDS FOR JUSTICE, RIGHTNESS AND GOOD GOVERNMENT. IT IS THE GREAT INSTIGATOR AND PATRON OF ALL TRUE BENEVOLENCE. SKEPTICISM NEVER FOUNDED AN ASYLUM. THE CHURCH, NOT INFIDELITY, HAS FOUNDED THE GREAT ELEEMOSYNARY INSTITUTIONS OF THE LAND.

The value of the church cannot be estimated. No civilized man wants to live where there is no church. He wants it for its influence, if for nothing else. Take the church out of any town or city and the citizen will take himself out. Take the church out and all evil will prevail, and from an economic standpoint property becomes worthless.

THE MISSION OF THE CHURCH IS TO SAVE THE WORLD. DOES IT MERIT ANYTHING AT THE HANDS OF ITS PRO-FESSED FOLLOWERS? IF SO, LET US STAND BY IT AND ATTEND ITS SERVICES. IT IS A DUTY AS WELL AS A PLEASURE. INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY WILL NOT DOWN. LET US ASSUME IT CHEERFULLY AND RESPOND VALIANTLY.

Be sure to GO TO CHURCH next Sunday!
GO EVERY SUNDAY!

IT CAN BE DONE

Somebody said that it couldn't be done.

But he, with a chuckle, replied,

That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he tried.

So he buckled right in, with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried he hid it.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed, "Oh, you'll never do that;

At least, no one ever has done it."

But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it;

With the lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quiddit.

He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done;

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin,

Then take off your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

—Detroit Free Press.

PROMISES MONEY TO AID KENTUCKY

McAdoo Says all Needed for Crop Moving Purposes Will be Provided

Washington, July 23. — The Secretary of the Treasury has assured Senator Camden that Kentucky will be well taken care of in the distribution of Federal loans for the movement of crops. The junior senator had called at the department to request Mr. McAdoo's aid to that end.

"It is my purpose and desire," said Mr. McAdoo, according to Senator Camden, "to deposit government funds, not only to move the crops, but to help every kind of legitimate business in every section of the country where I am convinced that assistance is necessary and desirable. I shall comply with your request and furnish Kentucky its full quota."

The breadth of the secretary's statement to Mr. Camden has caused discussion here as to the extent to which the government will aid private citizens financially, and is said to presage an important announcement touching this subject.

Mr. Camden left the department highly pleased.

To feel strong have good appetite and digestion, sleep soundly and enjoy life, use Burdock's Blood Bitters, the family system tonic. Price 25c.

NAME AGENTS TO HANDLE TEXT BOOKS

County Board of Education Names Depositories For New Books in County

At the last meeting of the County Board of Education the following dealers were officially appointed to handle the new text books in Hopkins county:

Bailey Bros., White Plains.
Price & Clark, Dawson Springs.
St. Bernard Co., Earlington.
T. H. Sisk & Son, Dalton.
T. D. Jones, Hanson.
Ben Sisk, Madisonville.
City Drug Store, Nortonville.
Will Porter, Nebo.

Superintendent Ray stated yesterday that it was thought the books would be on sale at the above places by August 1st. The text books will be handled for the State through a depository at Louisville and sent out from that city to the various dealers.

Has Your Child Worms

Most children do. A Coated, Furred Tongue, Strong Breath, Stomach Pains, Cries under Eyes, Pale Sallow Complexion, Nervous, Fretful, Gridding of the Teeth, Tossing in Sleep, Peculiar Dreams—any one of these indicate Child has Worms. Get a box of Kleopapee Worm Killer at once. It kills the Worms—The cause of your child's condition. Laxative and aids Nature to expel the Worms. Supplied in candy form. Easy for children to take. Get at your druggist.

SILVER CUPS FOR BOYS' POULTRY CLUBS

Prizes Offered to Young People Who are Interested in Poultry.

Two Silver Cups are to be competed for by boys and girls in Poultry Clubs in Hopkins county.

One silver cup has been donated by the Farmers National Bank, of Madisonville and another by an individual at Dawson Springs, whose name will be announced later.

These cups are to be competed for yearly and are to remain the property of the club owning them until some other club takes the honors.

To the club raising the greatest number of pure bred chickens goes the cup donated by the Farmers National Bank. The club sending in the largest per cent. of all reports gets the one donated by Dawson Springs.

These cups are to be exhibited at the State Fair with the name of the winning club. It is up to the president and secretary of each club to make a good showing.

These premiums will be awarded when we have the Boys' Corn Club show. At this time members of the poultry clubs will exhibit their best birds.

To the generosity of those persons contributing these silver cups, we who are interested, wish to extend our most hearty thanks. It is to this class of people we owe a great deal.

The Reliable Poultry Journal, published at Quincy, Ill., is one of the best poultry magazines published. It is clubbed with the Earlington Bee for one dollar the year for a sample copy with the Bee at Earlington, Ky.

Stops Neuralgia—Stops Pain

Sloan's Liniment gives instant relief from Neuralgia or Sciatica. It goes straight to the painful part—Soothes the Nerves and stops the Pain. It is also good for Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Chest Pains and Sprains. You don't need to rub it penetrates. Mr. J. R. Swinger, Louisville, Ky., writes: "I suffered with quite a severe Neuralgic Headache for four months without any relief. I used Sloan's Liniment for two or three nights and I haven't suffered with my head since." Get a bottle today. Keep in the house all the time for pains and all hurts. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at your druggist. Bucklen's Arnica Salve for all Sores.

Per Capita Larger

Supt. Ray stated yesterday that the per capita for this year was \$4.50, the largest in the history of the state, which would mean an increase in the salaries of the teachers of Hopkins county. What the increase would be, he stated he could not say just now. He is at work now on the salary schedule for the teachers, and he could not say what this will be until the County Board of Education has formulated a salary schedule and the same has been submitted to the state board of education and approved by them. It will likely be a month before this is done, he stated.

Only One "BROMO QUININE"

To get the genuine, call for full name, LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for signature of E. W. GROVE. Cures a Cold in One Day, Stops cough and headache, and works off cold. 25c.

Wouldn't You be Lonesome?

If you knew you would always have to work as hard as you do now

The only sure thing to keep you from it is a bank account. You know that.

PEOPLES BANK

OF EARLINGTON.
J. T. ALEXANDER, Pres.
F. BARNOLD, Cashier

STATE RETARDED IN SCHOOL GROWTH

PAYING DEBTS BY APPOINTMENT OF TEACHERS—TRUSTEES ELECTED BY ONE VOTE.

SELLING SCHOOLS FOR CASH

Four Thousand Trustees Will Be Elected Throughout State in August—Said To It That the Best Men Only Are Named at This Election—All Parents Should Vote.

Louisville, Ky. — (Special). — Was there ever a "devil's broth" brewed that equaled what has been going on in our rural schools?

We are paying by taxation over three million dollars annually out of the State Treasury, to say nothing of local taxation and other contributions for the support of our public schools.

It is a question if one-third of it is not wasted by incompetence and indifference not to mention possible graft in one form or another.

As a sample of what has been going on, I very recently had occasion to look over a batch of letters from a number of County Superintendents of our State. I ran across one reporting some trouble in the sale of schools. Asking what on earth that meant, the reply was, "Why haven't you heard of that before?" I said "In God's name no; what does it mean?" "Why," they said, "that has been complained of for years, but it is not as bad now as it has been."

It seems the trustees would sell the privilege to teach his school to the teacher who would agree to give him the largest part of her salary. It is reported that in some cases trading in schools has been quite a profitable side issue. Was there ever anything more infamous? A man that would do it ought to be sent to the penitentiary for a thousand years. Another case of a combine, three teachers were applicants for a school, the final agreement was that each should teach a third of the time, thus giving the children the benefit of a rapid change in teachers.

Another case (and this was not in the mountains, either), a vacancy occurred, two applicants presented themselves, one was a graduate of a Normal school with a full certificate, the other a young girl scarcely through the high school; the school was given to the young girl. Some of the few curious enough to investigate found the girl's father owed the superintendent a debt and had promised payment out of the girl's salary.

In one of our richest counties, where a bunch of trustees were gathered with some patrons to talk over conditions, one of the trustees arose and pleaded for help, saying that he was elected by one vote and he had to go out and hunt up that man to vote for him in order to get there at all.

When it is realized that these district trustees, of whom there are about 8,000 in the State, constitute the most vital part of our educational machine, is it any wonder that the State is retarded in her growth and advancement.

I would not be understood as condemning all trustees; we have many good ones, who are honestly trying to do their full duty, but unfortunately these kind are not in the majority.

Now whose fault is this? It belongs more or less to all of us, but primarily to the parents of the children who are too indolent or indifferent to even to the polls and vote for the right kind of a trustee, and take enough interest in the conduct of their schools to see that they are conducted on efficient basis.

When this office is filled with one of the best men in each district, then we shall see such a development in our schools and State as has not been dreamed of. There will be about 45 trustees elected in the first days of August next. Now will the people that good men are put in or will they continue to neglect it and let it filled with ne'er do wells, the incompetent or those who have "axes grind?"

The wonder is not that we have droughts, and other calamities that the God of Heaven does not send us from the face of the earth.

—John B. McFerran, Chairman Educational Committee, Louisville Commercial Club.

When baby suffers with worms or some thing this trouble-free use Doan's Ointment. A tin of it got a long way and it's still good.

ONLY SIX MORE BARGAIN DAYS!

My Great LOOM-END and

Clearance Sale

Will possible go down in merchandising history as the one great colossal event in this community.

I Have Smashed the Price

on every short length, all odd lots of brand new seasonable merchandise, which will mean six more days of fast selling.

You cannot afford to miss a single day during the final Whirl-wind Wind-up.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Caps, Druggets, Rugs, Mattings, Shirt Waists, Skirts,

Ladies' and Misses' Dresses, all of which are new, up-to-date Seasonable Merchandise

Hundreds of bargain prices which space will not permit.

Come now while dollars DO DOUBLE DUTY.

SALE CLOSES SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1914.

H. D. COWAND, Earlington, Ky.

The Bee

PAUL M. MOORE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER

J. E. FAWOETT
ASSOCIATE EDITOR AND BUSINESS MANAGER

Member of
Kentucky Press Association
and
Second District Publishers League

Branch Office in Madisonville, Kentucky, Miss Lucy Faucett, Manager,
Phone No. 71-2 Rings

Telephone 47

Friday, July 24, 1914

Advertising Rates

Display Advertisements,
single issue 15c per inch
Locals and Inside Pages,
Readers 10c per line
Resolutions and Cards of
Thanks 5c per line
Obituary Poetry 5c per line
Slight reductions on time
contract display advertise-
ments. Also locals that run
several months without charge

Entered at the Earlington
Post Office as Second Class
Matter.

Miss Francis Elgin, left, Monday
morning for a weeks visit in Hop-
kinsville.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars
Reward for any case of Catarrh that
cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh
Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him
perfectly honorable in all business transactions,
and financially able to carry out any obligations
made by his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE,
Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting
directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of
the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c
per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Success That Hurts.
The success of the rogue sometimes
neutralizes the efforts of the preacher.
—New York American.

Claude Morton

UNDER TAKER

Center St. Madisonville, Ky

Madisonville Notes

Woodson Browning, of Hender-
son, was in the city Sunday.

Miss Ida Bobbitt who has been
at work at Hygea for a few weeks
has returned home.

Miss Virginia Homenau, of Daw-
son, visited her aunt, Mrs. Dempsey
Sunday.

Neal Spillman, of Guthrie, was in
the city Sunday night.

Summers Cooper, of Hopkinsville
was in town Sunday.

Pat Martin, who has been visiting
Miss Hazel Benson for several
weeks, has returned home.

Clarence Givins, of Dixon, was in
town Friday.

James Sory spent Sunday in Daw-
son.

Misses Margaret and Ruth Lamb
of Nashville, who has been visiting
their grandmother, Mrs. Storey are
spending this week in Dawson.

Torlan Tate in Hopkinsville on
business Monday.

Did You Know

That you can
get a good solid
Oak Porch
Swing with
chains and
hooks com-
plete for only
\$3.00

Ask Us
About It

O'BRYAN, UTLEY
& CO.

Incorporated

Phone 111

Madisonville, Ky.

Every Farmer Should Have

\$6.75

will buy this splendid
complete assortment of
tools for the farm, and
their use will be worth
several times their cost
to you in a year's time.

Your Time is Money on the Farm

and you cannot afford to waste it by chasing in-
to town for small repairs which you could as well
do yourself.

This small investment will provide you with
the means of making ordinary repairs promptly
and save valuable time and money.

If you have a portion of them, let us make
you a price on the remainder of these tools, every
one of which is fully guaranteed to be of the best,

A Handsaw
A Woodsaw
A Crosscut Saw
A Hatchet
A Hammer
A Plane
A Chisel
A Metal Knife
A Wood File
A Drawing Knife
A Square
Rule
Tape Measure
Posthole Digger
Brace and Bits
Screw Driver
Auger
Nails, Bolts, Screws.

W. H. Whitford

ANNOUNCEMENT

We are authorized to announce
edge J. W. Henson as a candi-
date for Congress from the Sec-
ond district, subject to the ac-
tion of the democratic party.

TO MAMMOTH CAVE

August, 11, 1914

THE LAST GREAT REDUCTION

Round trip railroad fare \$3.40.
Dinner at Cave Hotel including
several routes in the Cave
\$5.50. Making total cost for
5 days' trip \$8.90, going on
morn morning trains. Limit
tickets 10 days. Write or
see L. & N. Agent.

Severe Attack of Colic Cured
Miss E. Cross who travels in Vir-
ginia and other Southern States,
was taken suddenly and severely ill
with colic. At the first store he
went to the merchant recom-
mended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and
Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of
it cured him. No one should leave
home on a journey without a bottle
of this preparation. For sale by all
druggists.

EVERYBODY JOY RIDE ATCO MAKES IT POSSIBLE

Standard Make, Roadsters, Touring Cars,
Trucks. Rebuilt to "Atco" 1914
specifications. Car fare refunded
to out of town purchasers.

PAY AS YOU RIDE

EQUIPMENT
ATCO REBUILT
AUTOMOBILES

Are FULLY EQUIPPED. Top, Wind-
shield, Electric Horn, Generator, Tools,
Pump, Lamps, Tube repair kit.

CAPACITIES
650, 1000, 1500 &
2000 lbs. (See ton)

TRUCKS

AUTO TRADING CO., INC. PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPECIAL
PAYUS
\$280.00
AND RECEIVE THIS CAR
\$275.00 BALANCE \$27.50 MONTHLY
1914 ATCO REBUILT
FORE DOOR TOURING CAR

WORTH
\$1150.00

ROADSTERS
GUARANTEE
ATCO REBUILT
AUTOMOBILES
Are GUARANTEED FOR ONE YEAR
on the same terms as
AMERICA'S HIGHEST PRICED CARS.
CATALOGUE? YOURS FOR
A POSTAL

96 page illustrated book shows 71 make
and models of "Atco" Rebuilt Cars.

AGENTS
wanted every
where.

OFFICES AND SALESROOM
9215 Center Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Subscribe For The Bee

ESTABLISHED 1868

CLOTHING HATS

ESTABLISHED 1858

Men's Summer Suits
PRICES THE LOWEST THE DEMAND IS THE GREATEST

Summer wear, comfort, in any or all of our warm weather, loose, fancy or mixed woolen suits, including blue, black and gray serges, 2 or 3 piece models, skeleton, part or full lined. Your choice at 20 per cent. off the regular prices. Regular prices range from \$20 to \$30. Your figure your own discount. Palm Beach Suits, \$8.50 to \$10. Mohair suits, \$2.50 to \$18.50. Work Poplin Suits, \$4.50 to \$6.60.

Special Sale of Men's Fine Suits
Odds and ends in Summer Crash, plain and fancy worsted, 2 or three piece suits, \$15 to \$18 values at \$12.50.
Buy summer suits--none excepted--at 20 per cent. off.

RAILROAD FARES REFUNDED ACCORDING TO MERCHANTS REBATE PLAN
MAIL AND TELEPHONE ORDERS SENT PROMPTLY BY PARCEL POST AT OUR EXPENSE

STROUSE & BROS
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA

The man who whispers down a well
About the things he has to sell
Will never reap a crop of dollars
Like he who climbs a tree and
"hollers."

News of the Town

Don't forget I will be at my Earlington Studio every Tuesday from 8 a. m. until 5 p. m.
TF ALMA CORBITT.

Mrs. R. B. Salmon and children of Covington, Ky., are visiting Mrs. J. D. O'Brien and the Misses Whalena.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert L. Fenwick, and son, of Brandenburg, are visiting his parents here.

A bacon fry was given at the lake Monday evening. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Fenwick, Sr., Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Fenwick, Jr., and son, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Brinkley and children, Misses Connie and Cathrine Fenwick and John and Palmer Fenwick, Clara Cloyd, J. R. Henry and H. A. Blair.

Mrs. J. H. Fleh and sons, John, Jr., and Frank left Thursday to visit friends and relatives in Tennessee.

Rev. and Mrs. Howard J. Brazelton and son, Mrs. S. E. Stevens and Miss Adaline Toombs left for Monticello, Tenn., today.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Hamer and son have returned from Bakers, Tenn.

Good morning! Have you seen The Courier?
Evansville's best paper.

White Plains Notes

Mrs. Ida McCord and little daughter, of Oran, Mo., who have been visiting relatives here have returned home.

Miss Oma Dillingham is the guest of her sister Mrs. Marvin Franklin, at Oak Hill this week. Floyd Franklin, of Dawson, was in town Saturday.

Felix Rice, of Madisonville, was in town Saturday.

B. F. Dukes was in Madisonville Thursday on business.

Clarence Hardwick, of Hopkinsville, is in town.

Mrs. Sue Davis and daughters, Misses Louise and Christine, of Hopkinsville, are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Durham and Mr. and Mrs. J. Neal Stivers motored to Central City Saturday evening.

Earl Honn, of Depoy, was in town Saturday evening.

Miss Bertha Stanley, of Eddyville, is the guest of Miss Bessie Bailey at this writing.

Messrs Pete Patton and Hershell Barnett, of Mortons Gap, were in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Whitson Stanley were in town Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. O. P. Goad and children spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Davis.

Mrs. Ethel Emery and children of Caneyville, are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. Tom Ray.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain--the article did not fulfill the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like and endless chain system this remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, to those who are in need of it.

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend, for in almost every case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcel Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose 10cts; also mention the Earlington Semi-Weekly Bee.

The Senatorial Chuckle.

No doubt the United States Senate is having a good chuckle behind closed doors--you know they have closed doors at the Senate. With star chamber sessions, executive sessions, caucuses and secret committee meetings. But this time one Warburg with business offices in the suspicious financial district of New York has replied to a request of the Senate that he appear before it in order that he might be questioned in reference to his appointment on the reserve board, telling the Senators in substance to go chase themselves. These real nice Senators do not like to be treated that way, and they have put Mr. Warburg's appointment into a dark pigeonhole. The president wants them to take it out and act upon it. In every other instance since Woodrow Wilson has been in the Whitehouse, the Senate has obeyed his mandate, but this time they only return a blank stare murmuring meanwhile: "Why, Mr. President, Warburg has been so rude that we could not think of it."



The only way to get the genuine New Home Sewing Machine is to buy the machine with the name NEW HOME on the arm and in the legs. This machine is warranted for all time. No other like it No other as good

The New Home Sewing Machine Company, ORANGE, MASS.

SPECIAL TO WOMEN

The most economical, cleansing and germicidal of all antiseptics is

Paxtine

A soluble Antiseptic Powder to be dissolved in water as needed.

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The Secret of Lonesome Cove

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

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"Little after sundown. He was rising the hill beyond the Nook—that's Sedgwick's place, the painter fellow—when she came out of the shrubbery—pop!



"How'd she come to be washed ashore?" countered Sailor Smith.

He quizzed her. Trust the elder for that. But he didn't get much out of her until he mentioned the Nook. Then she allowed she guessed she'd go there. "An' he watched her go."

"You say a man named Sedgwick lives at the Nook. Is that Francis Sedgwick the artist?" asked Kent.

"That's him," said Sailor Smith. "Paints right purty pictures. Lives there all alone with a Chinese cook."

"Well, the lady went down the hill," continued Jarvis, "just as Sedgwick come out to smoke a pipe on this stone wall. Iry thought he seemed surprised when she bespoke him. They passed a few remarks, an' then they had some words an' the lady laughed loud an' kinder scornful. He seemed to be pointin' at a necktie of queer, fiery pink stones that she wore and tryin' to get somethin' out of her. She turned away an' he started to follow, when all of a sudden she grabbed up a rock an' let him have it—blip! Keelied him clean over. Then she ran away up the road toward Hawkhill cliffs."

"Well, this corpse ain't got no pink necktie," suggested somebody.

"Bodies sometimes get robbed," said Sailor Smith.

Chester Kent stooped over the writhen face, again peering close. Then he straightened up and began pulling thoughtfully at the lobe of his ear.

"Say," said Sailor Smith, "what's them queer little marks on the neck under the ear?"

Back came Kent's eyes. "Those?" he said, smiling. "Why, those are, one might suppose, such indentations as would be made in flesh by forcing a jewel settling violently against it by a blow or strong impact."

"Then you think it was the woman?" began the old seaman when several voices broke in:

"There goes Len now!"

The sheriff's heavy figure appeared on the brow of the cliff, moving toward the village.

"Who is it with him?" inquired Kent. "Gansett Jim," answered Jarvis.

"An Indian?"

"Gosh! You got good eyes!" said Jarvis. "He's more Indian than anything else. Comes from down Annagansett way and gets his name from it."

"H-m! When did he arrive?"

"While you was trapesin' around up yonder."

"Did he see the body?"

"Yep. Just after the sheriff got whatever it was from the pocket Gansett Jim hove in sight. Len went over to him quick, an' said somethin' to him. He come nud give a look at the body. But he didn't say nothing. Only grunted. The sheriff tells me to watch the body. Then he says, 'An' I'll need somebody to help me. I'll take you, Jim.' So he an' the Indian goes away together."

Professor Kent nodded. He looked seaward where the reefs were now baring their teeth more plainly through the racing currents, and he sighed. Then he bade the group farewell and set off up the beach.

"He's a sort of a harmless scientific crank," explained Jarvis; "comes from Washington; something to do with the government work."

"Kinder loony, I think," conjectured a little, thin, piping man. "Musses and moves around like it."

"Is that so?" said Sailor Smith, who still had his eyes fixed on the scarified neck. "Well, I ain't any too dum sure that he's a well a fool as some folks know that thinks likelier of their-

seives. He seen there was somethin' queer about the rope, an' he ast me about the knots, right off."

Possibly the one supporter of the absent would have wavered in his loyalty had he seen the trope that Professor Chester Kent had carried unobtrusively from the beach, in his pocket, after picking it from the grating. It was the fuzzy cocoon of a small and quite unimportant insect.

The Washington scientist, seated on a boulder opened up the cocoon with absorbed interest, pricked it until the impotent inmate wriggled in protest, and then cast it aside to perish.

Between the roadway and the broad front lawn of the Nook a four foot, rough stone wall interposed. Looking up from his painting, Francis Sedgwick beheld in the glare of the afternoon sun a spare figure rise aloftly upon the wall, descend to the road and rise again. He stepped to the open window and watched a curious progress. A scrubby bearded man clad in serviceable khaki was performing a stunt, with the wall as a basis. He was walking from east to west quite fast and every third pace stepping upon the wall; stepping, Sedgwick duly noted, not jumping, the change of level being made without visible effort.

Leaning out of the window he called: "Hello, there!"

"Good afternoon," said the stranger, in a quiet, cultivated voice.

"Would you mind telling me what you are doing on my wall?"

"Not in the least," replied the bearded man, rising buoyantly into full view and subsiding again with the rhythm of a wave.

"Well, what are you doing?"

"Taking a little exercise."

By this time, having reached the end of the wall, he turned and came back, making the step with his right leg instead of his left. Sedgwick hurried downstairs and out into the roadway. The stranger continued his performance silently.

"Do you do that often?" he asked presently.

The gymnast paused, poised like a Mercury on the high coping. "Yes," said he, "otherwise I shouldn't be able to do it at all. It is in pursuance of a theory of self defense."

"What in the world has wall hopping to do with self defense?"

"I shall expound," said the stranger in professional tones, taking a seat by the unusual method of letting himself down on one leg while holding the other at right angles to his body. "Do you know anything of jujutsu?"

"Very little."

"In common with most Americans. For that reason alone the Japanese system is highly effective here, not so effective in Japan. You perceive there the basis of my theory."

"No; I don't perceive it at all."

"A system of defense is effective in proportion to its unfamiliarity. That is all."

"Then your system consists in stepping up on a wall and diving into obscurity on the farther side perhaps," suggested Sedgwick ironically.

"Defense, I said, not escape. Escape is perhaps preferable to defense, but not always so practicable. No; the wall merely served as a temporary gymnasium while I was waiting for you."

"You have distinctly the advantage of me," said Sedgwick, with a frown, for he was in no mood to welcome strange visitors.

"To return to my theory of self defense," said the other imperturbably. "My wall exercise serves to keep limber and active certain muscles that in the average man are half atrophied."

He rose on one foot with an ease that made the artist stare, descended, selected from the roadway a stone of ordinary cobble size and banded it to Sedgwick.

"Let that lie on the palm of your hand," said he, "and hold it out, waist high."

As he spoke he was standing two feet from the other to his right. Sedgwick did as he was requested. As his hand took position there was a twist of the bearded man's lithe body, a sharp click, and the stone, flying in a rising curve, swished through the leafage of a lilac fifty feet away.

"How do you do that?" cried the artist.

The other showed a slight indentation on the inside of his right boot heel and then swung his right foot back and steadily up behind his left knee and let it lapse into position again. "At shoulder height," he explained, "I could have done the same, but it would have broken your hand."

"I see," said the other, adding with distaste, "but to kick an opponent! Why, even as a boy I was taught!"

"We were not speaking of child's play," said the visitor coolly, "nor am I concerned with the rules of the prize-ring as applied to my theory. When one is in danger one uses knife or gun. If at hand. I prefer a less deadly and more effective weapon. Kicking sideways, either to the front or to the rear. I can disarm a man, break his leg or lay him senseless. It is the special development of such muscles as the sartorius and plantaris. I owe you this explanation. I hope you won't prosecute for trespass. Mr. Long-Leggy Sedgwick."

CHAPTER II.

Professor Kent Makes a Case.

"LEGGY!" The artist had whirled at the name. "Nobody's called me that for ten years."

"Just ten years ago that you graduated, wasn't it?"

"Yes. Then I knew you in college. You must have been before my class."

The bearded one nodded. "Senior to your freshman," said he.

The younger man scrutinized him. "Chester Kent?" said he softly. "What on earth are you doing behind that bush?"

Kent caressed the mangled whiskers. "Utility," he explained. "Patent, impenetrable mosquito screen. I've been off in the wilds and am—or was—going back presently."

"Not until you've stopped long enough to get reacquainted," declared Sedgwick. "Just at present you're going to stay to dinner."

"Very good. Just now you happen to be in my immediate line of interest. It is a fortunate circumstance for me to find you here—possibly for you too."

Old interests sprang to life and speech between them. Presently Francis Sedgwick was telling his friend the story of his feverish and thwarted ten years in the world. Within a year of his graduation his only surviving relative had died, willing to him a considerable fortune, the income of which he used in furtherance of a hitherto suppressed ambition to study art. Paris, his Mecca, was first a taskmistress, then a temptress, finally a vampire. Before succumbing he had gone far in a few years toward the development of a curious technique of his own. Followed then two years of dissipation, a year of travel to recuperate and the return to Paris, which was to be once more the taskmistress. But, to his terror and self loathing, he found the power of application gone. The muscles of his mind had become flabby.

"All by virtue of a woman's laugh; the laugh of a woman without virtue," he told Kent. "It was at the Moulin de la Galette—perhaps you know the dance hall on the slope of Montmartre—and she was one of the dancers, the wreck of what had once been beauty and, one must suppose, innocence. Probably she thought me too much abashed to bear or understand as I sat half asleep at my table. At all events she answered, full voiced, her companion's question: 'Who is the drunken foreigner?' by saying: 'He was an artist. The studios talked of him five years ago. Look at him now! That is what life does to us, mon ami. I'm the woman of it. That's the man of it.' I staggered up, made her a bow and a promise and left her laughing. Last month I redeemed the promise; sent her the first thousand dollars I made by my own work and declared my debt discharged. How about yourself?"

"Postgraduate science. Agricultural department job. Lectures. Invention. Judiciary department expert. Signed, Chester Kent. Ten words—count them—ten."

"Interesting, but unsatisfying," retorted his friend. "Can't you expand a bit? I suppose you haven't any dark secret in your life?"

"No secret, dark or light," sighed the other. "The newspapers won't let me have."

"Eh? Won't let you? Am I to infer that you've become a famous person? What are you, anyway?"

"What I told you, an expert in the service of the department of justice. I like to flatter myself that my pursuit is scientific."

"Pursuit? What do you pursue?"

"Men and motives."

Sedgwick's intelligent eyes widened. "Wait," he said; "something occurs to me, an article in a French journal about a wonderful new American expert in criminology who knows all there is to know and takes only the most abstruse cases. I recall now that the article called him 'le Professeur Chetre Kennst.' That would be about as near as they would come to your name. The Frenchman made you out a most superior species of highfalutin detective, working along lines peculiarly your own!"

"Not!" interjected Kent. "The only lines a detective can work along successfully are the lines laid down for him by the man he is after."

"Sounds more reasonable than romantic," admitted the artist. "Come now, Kent, open up and tell me something about yourself."

"You remember I got into trouble my senior year with the college authorities by proving the typhoid epidemic direct against a forgotten defect in the sewer system. It nearly cost me my diploma, but it helped me too, later, for a scientist in the department of agriculture at Washington learned of it and sent for me after graduation. He mapped out for me a three years' postgraduate course, which I had just about enough money to take. While I specialized on botany, entomology and bacteriology, I picked up a working knowledge of other branches—chemistry, toxicology, geology, mineralogy, physiology and most of the natural sciences."

"Once in the department I found myself with a sort of roving commission. I worked under such men as Wiley Howard and Merriam and learned from them something of the infinite and scrupulous patience that truly original scientific achievement demands. At first my duties were largely those of minor research. Then, by accident largely, I chanced upon the plot to build the cotton market by introducing the boll weevil into the unfested cotton area and checked that. Soon afterward I was put on the 'deodorized meat' enterprise and succeeded in discovering the scheme whereby it was hoped to sell spoiled meat for good."

"What spare time I had I devoted to experimenting along mechanical lines and patented an invention that has been profitable. Sometime ago the department of justice borrowed me on a few cases with a scientific bearing, and more recently offered me incidental work with them on such favorable

terms that I resigned my other position. The terms include liberal vacations, one of which I am now taking. And here I am! Is that sufficient?"

"What about your forty-horsepower kick? You don't practice that for drawing room exhibitions, I take it?"

"Sometimes," confessed the scientist. "I have found myself at close quarters with persons of dubious character. The fact is, that an ingenious plot to get rid of a very old friend, Dr. Lucius Carter, the botanist, drew me into the criminal line, and since then that phase of investigation has seemed fairly to obtrude itself on me, officially and unofficially. Even up here, where I hoped to enjoy a month's rest—do you know," he said, breaking off, "that you have a most interesting inset of ocean currents hereabouts?"

"Of course, Lonesome Cove. But kindly finish that 'even up here.' I recollect your saying that you were waiting for me. Haven't traced any scientific crime to my door, have you?"

"Let me forget my work for a little while," pleaded his visitor, "and look at yours."

Sedgwick rose. "Come upstairs," he said and led the way to the big, bare, bright studio.

From the threshold Chester Kent delivered an opinion after one approving survey. "You really work, I see."

"I really do. Where do you see it, though?"

"All over the place. No draperies or fripperies or fopperies of art here. The bare room the more work done in it."

He walked over to a curious contrivance resembling a small hand press, examined it, surveyed the empty easel, against which were leaning five in a number of pictures all of a size and turned half a dozen of them over, ranging them and stepping back for examination.

"Good work," pronounced Kent quietly, and in some subtle way the commonplace words conveyed to their hearer the fact that the man who spoke them knew.

"It's the best there is in use at least," said Sedgwick.

Kent went slowly around the walls, keenly examining, silently appraising. There were landscapes, genre bits, studies of the ocean in its various moods, all the varied subjects handled with a deftness of truth and drawing and colored with a clear softness quite individual.

"Have you found or founded a new system of coloring?" asked Kent as he moved among the little masterpieces.

"No; don't tell me." He touched one of the surfaces delicately. "It's not paint, and it's not pastel. Oh, I see! They're all of one size, of course." He glanced at the heavy mechanism near the easel. "They're color prints."

Sedgwick nodded. "Monotypes," said he. "I paint on copper, make one

impression and then—phut!—a sponge across the copper makes each one an original."

"You certainly obtain your effects," the printing seems to refine the color. For instance, moonlight on white water, a thing I've never been able to approach either in straight oils or water. See here."

From behind a cloth he drew a square and set it on the easel.

"It's the first one I've given a name to. I call it 'The Rough Rider.'"

A full moon, brilliant amid blown cloud rack, lighted up the vast procession of billows charging in upon a near coast. In the foreground a corpse, the face bent far up and back from the spar to which it was lashed, rode with wild abandon headlong at the outlooker on the crest of a roaring surge. The rest was hufufo clearly of distance and desolation.

"The Rough Rider!" murmured Kent; then, with a change of tone, "When did you finish this picture?"

"Yesterday."

"H-m! Has any one else seen it?"

"That old fraud of a plumber, Elder Dennett, saw me working on it yesterday when he was doing some repairing here and remarked that it gave him the creeps."

"Dennett? Well, then, that's all up," said Kent, as if speaking to himself. "There's a streak of superstition in all these New Englanders. He'd be sure to interpret it as a confession before the fact. However, Elder Dennett left this morning for a trip to Cadystown. That's so much to the good."

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"He may have left for a trip to Hadestown for all I care," stated Sedgwick with conviction. "What's it all about anyway?"

"I'll tell you as soon as I've mullied it over a little. Just let me cool my mind down with some more of your pictures." He turned to the wall border again and faced another picture out. "What's this? You seem to be something of a dab in black and white too."

"Oh, that's an imaginary face," said Sedgwick carelessly.

"Imaginary face studied from various angles," commented Kent. "It's a very lovely face and the most wistful I've ever seen. A fairy prisoned on earth by cockcrow might wear some such expression of startled wondering surity. I fancy."

"Poetry as well as mystery! Next, you grow and expand on acquaintance."

"There is poetry in your study of that imaginary face. Imaginary! Um-hum!" continued Kent dryly as he stooped to the floor. "I suppose this is an imaginary hairpin too."

"My Chinaman!" began Sedgwick quickly, when the other caught him up.

"Don't be uneasy. I'm not going to commit the foolishness of asking who she is."

"If you did I give you my word of honor I couldn't tell you. I only wish—"

Continued in Next Issue

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ADVERTISEMENT RICHARD P. ERNST, CANDIDATE FOR UNITED STATES SENATOR

Successful Lawyer and Business Man Seeks the Republican Nomination—Graduate of "Old Centre" College—Prominent in Religious and Educational Work in Covington and His Native State



Richard P. Ernst, Candidate for Republican Nomination U. S. Senator.

Covington, Ky.—(Special.)—Richard P. Ernst, who is a candidate for the Republican nomination for United States Senator, is a native Kentuckian, having been born in Covington in 1858, where he has lived all of his life, and where his parents lived.

He received his primary education in the schools at Covington and afterward graduated from "Old Centre" College, at Danville, with the Class of '78, winning the valedictory honors of his class. Later he graduated from the Law School of the University of Cincinnati, in a class of which William H. Taft was a member. Shortly after completing his studies he married Miss Susan Brent, granddaughter of Chas. Brent, who was for many years a prominent citizen of Paris, Ky. They have two children, one son and one daughter, now grown.

Mr. Ernst, because of his splendid business ability and attractive personality, early in life became prominently identified with the business interests of Northern Kentucky, and through his Covington and Cincinnati law offices has attained great success in his profession.

Life-Long Republican.

Politically Mr. Ernst has been a life-long Republican. For many years he has devoted both his time and his means to a very liberal degree for the success of his party. He was for many years a member of the State Central Committee, was its chairman when the party achieved its most notable triumphs in the state, has been delegate to several national conventions, and in many other ways has served his party, often at great personal sacrifice. He has been able to maintain terms of friendship with all elements and factions in his party, and if nominated will receive the support of Republicans and Independents without regard to any former personal prejudices or factional differences.

Interested in Church and School.

Mr. Ernst is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of Covington, and an elder in that congregation. For many years he has been President of the Covington Young Men's Christian Association, which is one of the most successful and widely popular institutions of its kind in the country, as it appeals to boys of all denominations.

Mr. Ernst retains a wide interest in educational affairs. He is not only a member of the Board of Trustees of his alma mater, "Old Centre," but is also a trustee of the Western College for Women, at Oxford, O., and is a

trustee of Lane Seminary, at Cincinnati, one of the oldest schools of theology in the United States. In this connection he has been very liberal in offering prizes to stimulate the student, and is usually responsible for the schooling of at least one young man every year. He also takes an active personal interest in all local charitable institutions.

Strong With Workingmen.

Mr. Ernst has always had many warm friends among the working boys of Covington, and enjoys great popularity with them. He has always aided them in their troubles, and has been a very influential factor in his work of making their relations with their employers pleasant and profitable.

A Business Campaign.

Mr. Ernst's candidacy will appeal strongly to the business men of Kentucky. Successful himself and identified with men who have succeeded in commercial and professional life, he offers his services to the state at a time when there is a widespread demand for high-class business men to take a part in politics, and to offer to the state and to the country that degree of business skill and experience which is so necessary to success in private life.

There is a growing conviction that business interests have not been fairly and intelligently represented in the councils of government—that gentlemen, well disposed, no doubt, but without practical knowledge of commercial affairs, and who themselves have not won their spurs in business and professional careers, have attempted to legislate along theoretical rather than practical lines, and that as a result of these experiments all departments of business and the public generally have suffered.

Mr. Ernst, if nominated and elected, will take to his Senatorial office not only a mind trained by education and experience, but that wide, practical viewpoint which will enable him to act at all times to the best interest of the farmer, the manufacturer and the consumer.

Conservative Politically.

It may be stated in this connection that Mr. Ernst, in his political management, has always treated his Democratic opponents with such a spirit of fairness and courteous consideration that he has the confidence and respect of members of that party to a most unusual degree.

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